

Shadow Comics

JULY 1941

10¢



"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

THE SHADOW SHOWS IN PICTURES
HOW HE BECOMES INVISIBLE!

DEAD END KIDS

BUST A DIAMOND-SMUGGLING RING!

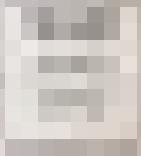
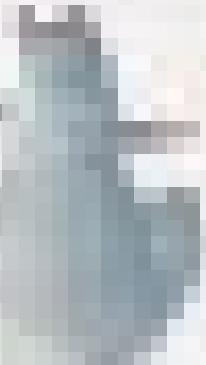


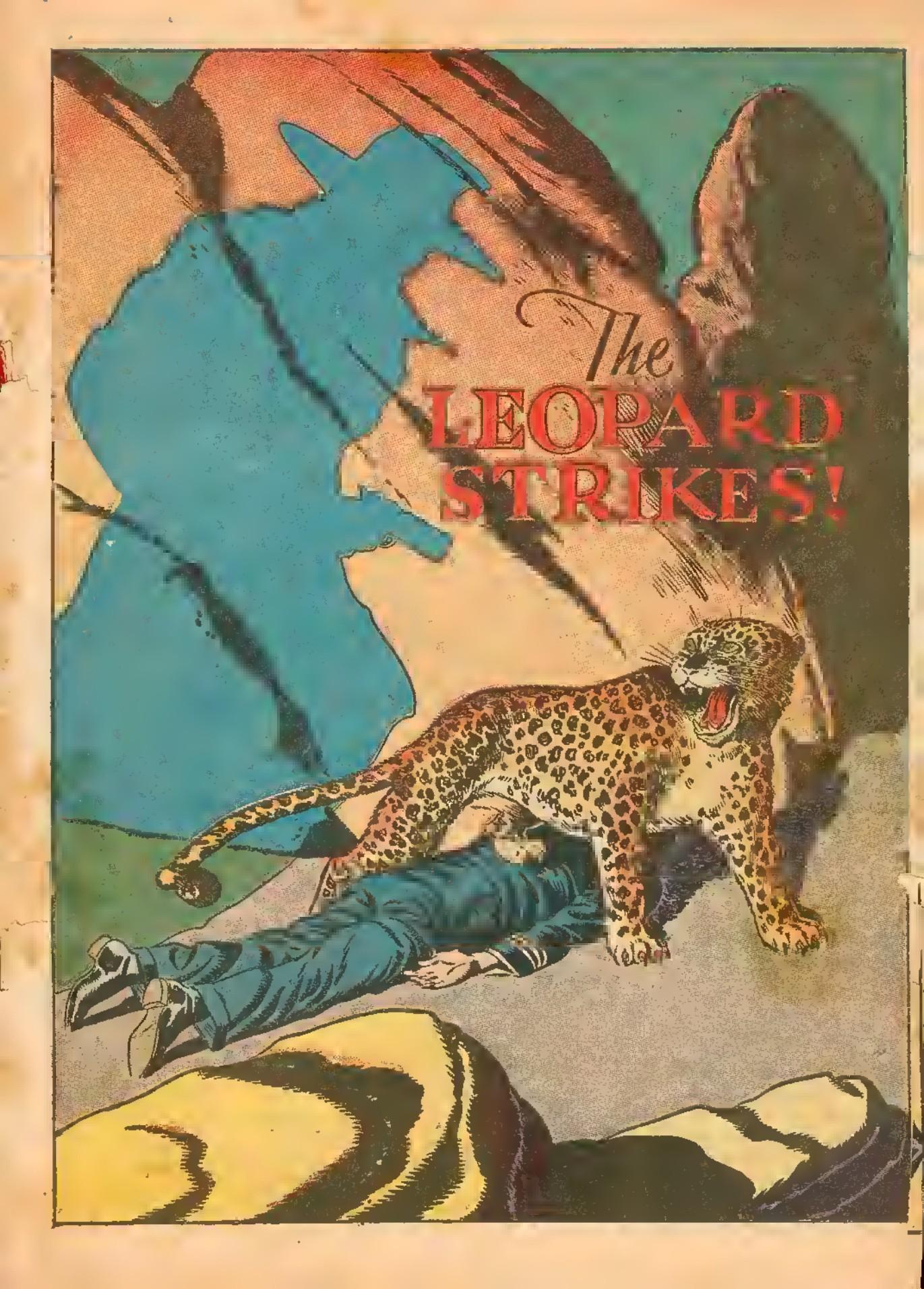
— TOM MCROBBIE — BABY GARNET — THE WHOLE HAIR — THE WEST FROM VANCE

THE

WILDFIRE

MAN



A dramatic illustration depicting a leopard in mid-stride, leaping over a man who is lying face down on the ground. The man is wearing a dark blue suit and a white shirt. The scene is set outdoors with a large tree trunk and foliage in the background.

The **LEOPARD STRIKES!**

SAY! DO THOSE
ANIMALS ALWAYS
HOWL LIKE THAT
?

BLACK PANTHER
ONE PANZER
KODAK SAFETY FILM

OH-YOU'LL GET USED TO
'EM AFTER AWHILE, MAC.
THAT'S ABOUT AS NEAR TO
EXCITEMENT AS YOU'LL
FIND AROUND HERE!

EXCITEMENT! THEY
ALL WANT EXCITEMENT
WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG
OH WELL!

OFFICER KELLY HEARS
A HOARSE SCREAM!

MAC! MAC! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

MAC BOY! YOUR- YOUR
THROAT! RIPPED AND TORN!
MAC! SPEAK SON! SPEAK!

HE'S DEAD! KILLED BY
SOME WILD BEAST-
OR I MISS MY
GUESS!

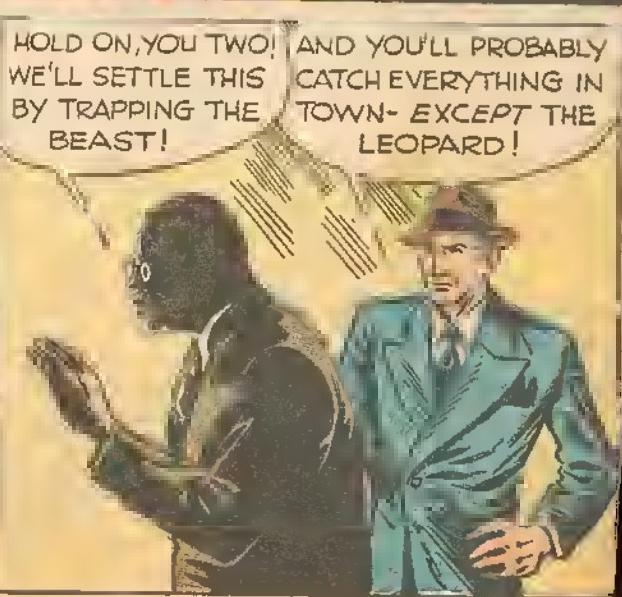
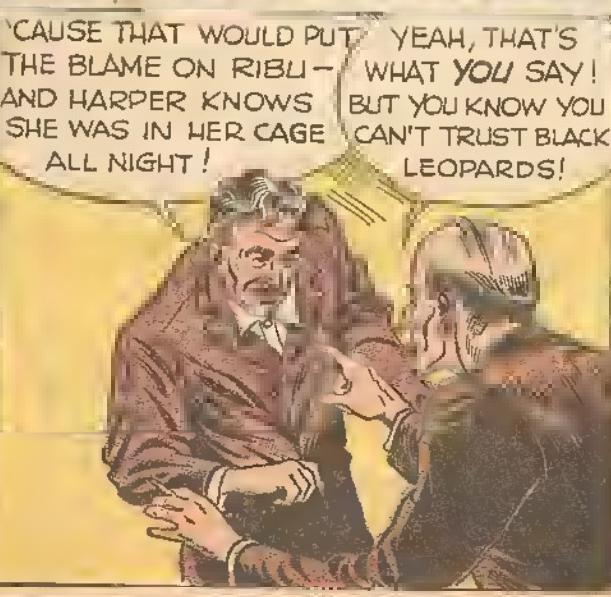
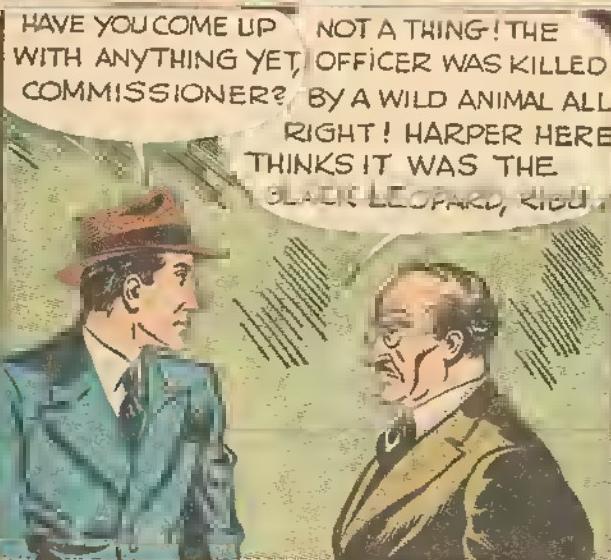
THEY'RE HOLDING
AN INQUIRY AT THE
HEAD KEEPER'S OFFICE
AT THE ZOO, MARGO

BUT WHY AN
INQUIRY, LAMONT?
THEY KNOW HOW
HE WAS KILLED,
DON'T THEY?

NO - THE COMMISSIONER
SAYS THERE IS NO
EVIDENCE THAT ANY
ANIMAL ESCAPED
FROM THE ZOO
LAST NIGHT

BETCHÀ IT.
WERE A SQUIRREL
THEM BUSHYTailed
BEAST CAN BE
AWFUL
FEROCIOS!







I DON'T BELIEVE EITHER ONE OF YOU! I WARN YOU - IF THE LEOPARD STRIKES AGAIN --- YOU'LL ANSWER TO -- THE SHADOW!



BUT THAT NIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER STRIKES AGAIN, KILLING TWO MORE PEOPLE IN THE PARK -- AND LEAVES NO CLUES



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER
WELL, HAWKSHAW - WE'VE BEEN WALKING THROUGH THE PARK THREE NIGHTS

NOW ---

I'M SORRY, MARGO
BUT I'D LIKE TO BE NEAR
SHOULD THAT LEOPARD STRIKE AGAIN



AND THEN - BLASTING THE EERIE SILENCE OF THE PARK - COMES A SCREAM IN THE DARKNESS - AND A LEOPARD GROWLS

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT'S THE KILLER!



DID YOU SEE THE LEOPARD?

YES, YES. I TOOK A SHOT AT IT!



THE LEOPARD AGAIN!

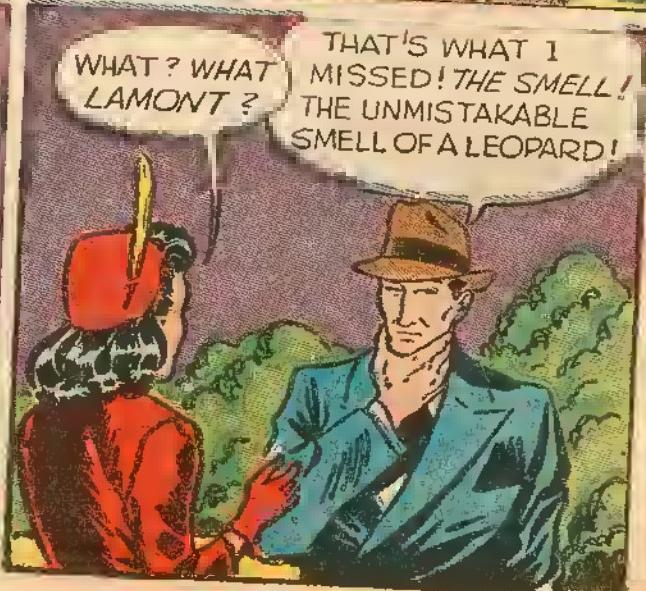
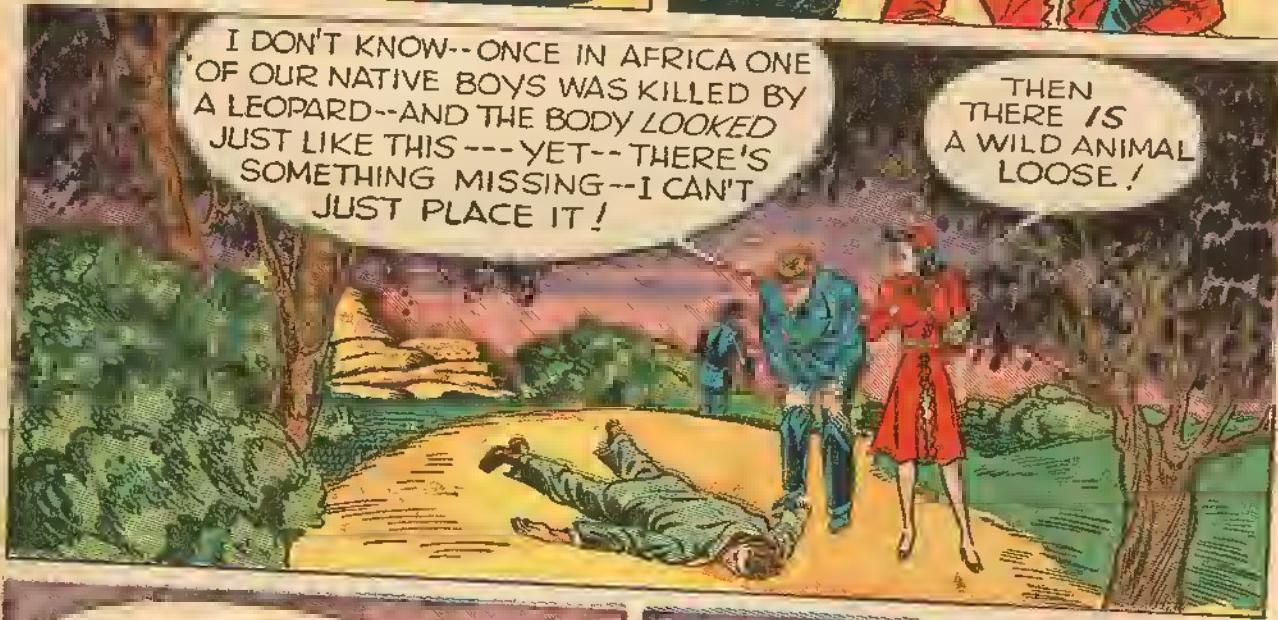
OH, LAMONT!
LOOK AT THAT BODY!
YES -
A POOR PARK DERELICT!

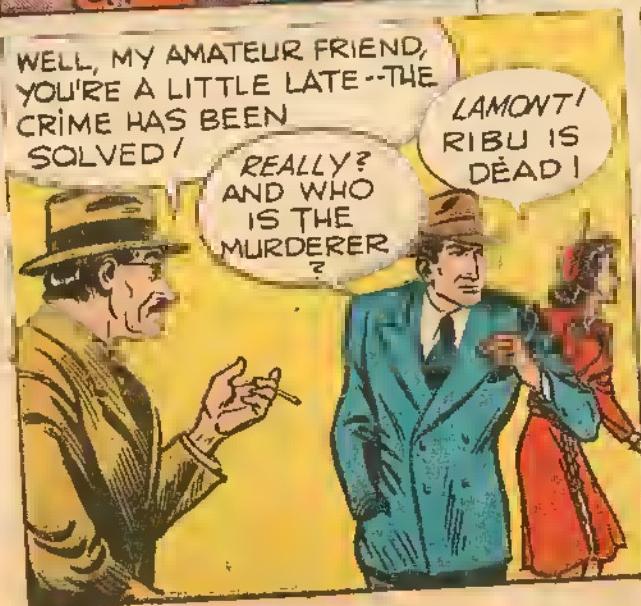
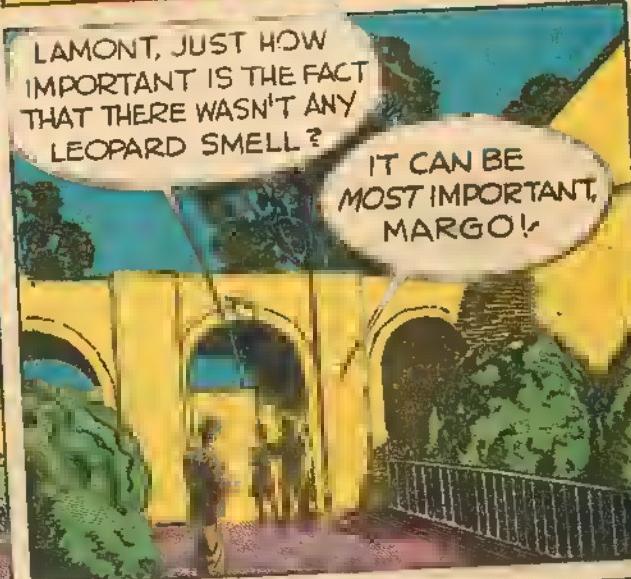


I SAW SOMETHING BLACK STANDING OVER THE BODY.
WHEN I FIRED, IT LEAPED INTO THE BUSHES---

IT WAS A LEOPARD,
ALL RIGHT!













TO YOU, O, LEOPARD! MOST LOVELY OF BEASTS!--WE BOW IN HUMBLE REVERENCE. YOUR COURAGE AND CUNNING IS OUR COURAGE AND CUNNING--AS YOU ARE--SO WILL WE TRY TO BE--

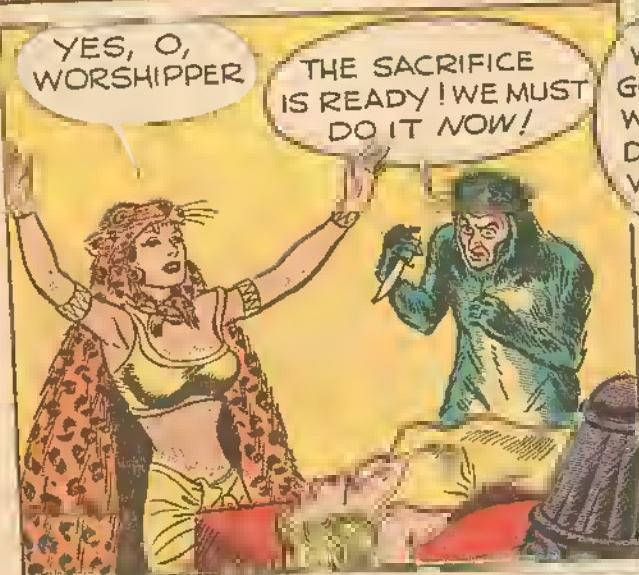
PRIESTESS!
O, HIGH PRIESTESS!



YES, O,
WORSHIPPER

THE SACRIFICE
IS READY! WE MUST
DO IT NOW!

YOU ARE TOO EAGER,
WORSHIPPER! WE ARE NOT
GOING TO KILL THE GIRL!
WE ARE NOT MUR-
DERERS! WE
WORSHIP BEAUTY
NOT DEATH!



DEATH! DEATH! THE CULT
OF THE LEOPARD IS DEATH!
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN
DEATH!

WORSHIPPER! YOU ARE
BEHAVING STRANGELY TO
NIGHT! YOUR ARM! HOW
DID YOU HURT YOUR
ARM?

I'LL TELL YOU
HOW HE HURT
HIS ARM!









WHO'DA THOUGHT IT!

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS—
WRITE QUICKLY—TWELVE THOUSAND, TWELVE
HUNDRED AND TWELVE—in figures!

A CIGARETTE—
IS HEAVIER AFTER
IT HAS BURNED—
The Ashes Absorb Moisture from the AIR!

MINISTERS

OF PURITAN DAYS—
PREACHED AS LONG AS IT
TOOK SAND TO RUN THROUGH
THEIR
HOUR
GLASSES!
SOMETIMES
2 HOURS!

OPTICAL ILLUSION—

THESE
FIGURES
ARE THE
SAME
SIZE!



MOST BEAUTIFUL WORDS
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—
MELODY
DAWN
HUSH
ULLABY
MURMURING
TRANQUIL
MIST
LUMINOUS
CHIMES
GOLDEN

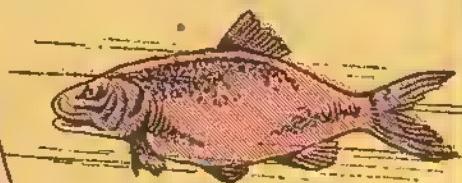
BABY PELICANS—
ARE HATCHED
WITHOUT A TRACE OF
FEATHERS OR DOWN!

FOR THE BOOK-

THERE ARE OVER 2000
OFFENSES A MOTORIST CAN COMMIT!



GEORGE I
OF ENGLAND—
COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!



750,000,000
MENHADEN (Fatback) FISH
ARE CAUGHT IN A
SINGLE SEASON!

(A SMALL, OILY FISH, CAUGHT
OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST,
AND USED MAINLY FOR SOAP)

BIRDS—
SLEEP
WITH THEIR
HEADS TOWARD
THE LEFT!

BAM

THERE ARE 18,000,000 THUNDER-
STORMS A YEAR IN THE WORLD!

THE DEAD END KIDS

DEAD END

CLIFF THOMAS

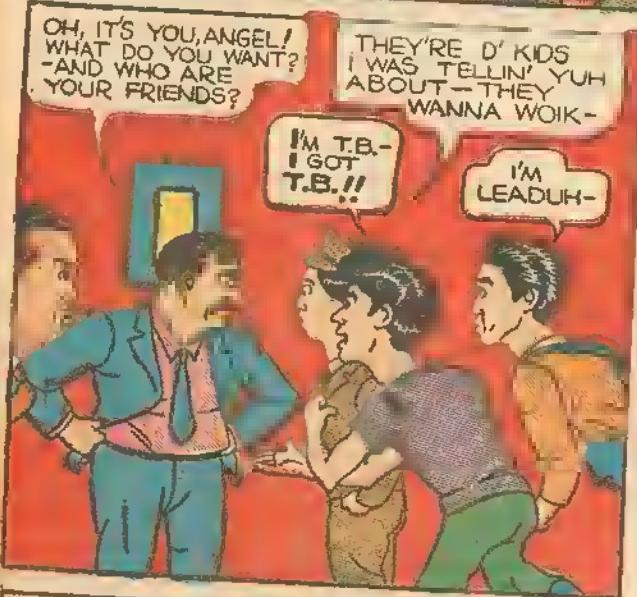


WERE GETTING THE STUFF IN FASTER THAN WE'RE GETTING RID OF IT - WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO PUSH IT, LOU?

WE'RE JUST GETTING WELL ORGANIZED, MORGAN - IT TAKES TIME!

WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED GRAND TIED UP IN THIS STUFF SO YOU BETTER GET ORGANIZED QUICK!

HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR -



AGREEING TO PUT THE BOYS TO WORK; MORGAN GIVES ANGEL A PACKAGE TO DELIVER.

MISTER MORGAN SAID FAH YOU GUYS TUH WAIT INNA OUTER OFFICE... T.B. - YOU COME WID ME



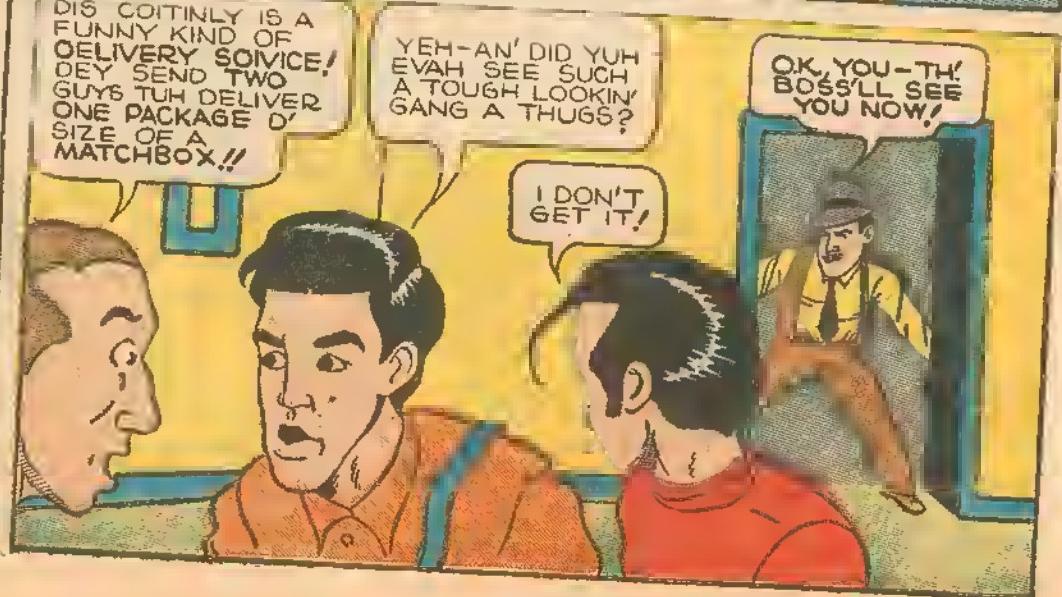
AFTER ANGEL AND T.B. LEAVE, THE OTHER KIDS HOLD A CONFERENCE.

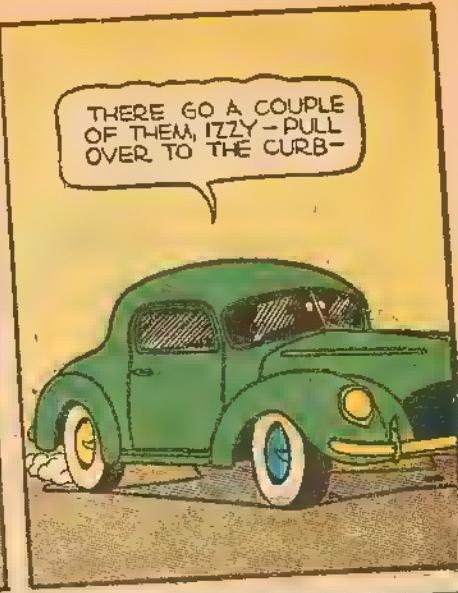
DIS COINTINLY IS A FUNNY KIND OF DELIVERY SERVICE! DEY SEND TWO GUYS TUH DELIVER ONE PACKAGE D' SIZE OF A MATCHBOX!!

YEH - AN' DID YUH EVAH SEE SUCH A TOUGH LOOKIN' GANG A THUGS?

OK, YOU - TH' BOSS'L SEE YOU NOW!

I DON'T GET IT!

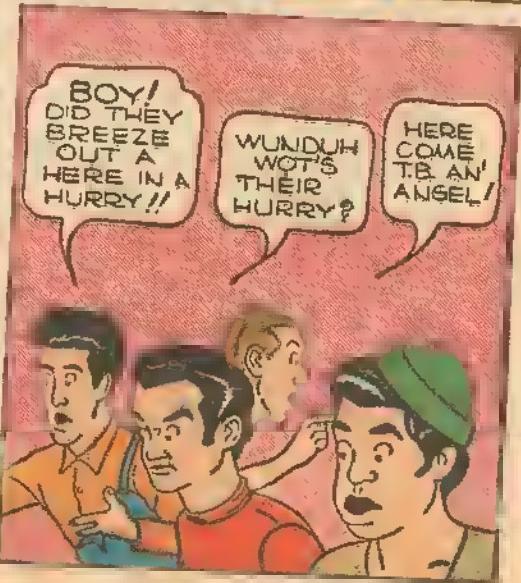
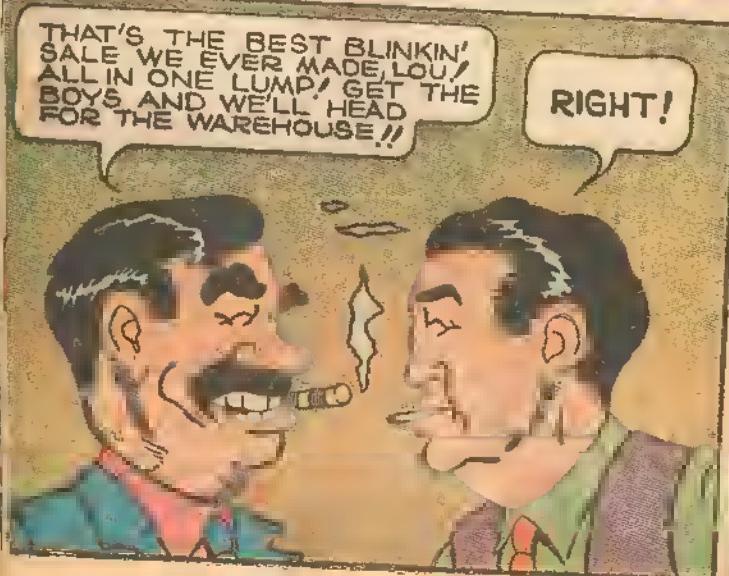


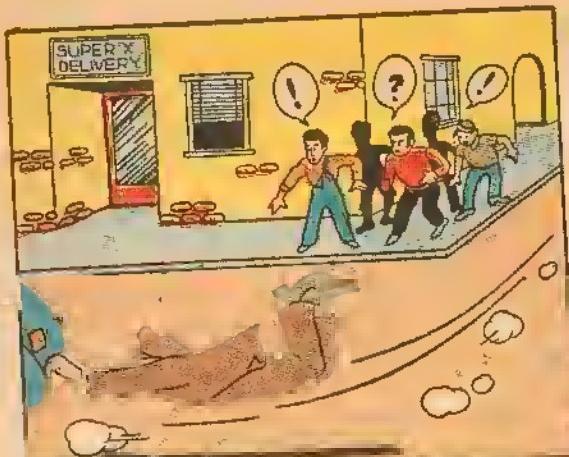


-THEN 'AT GUY
MUST A BEEN
A HIJACKER!!
--CHEE/WOT'LL
WE DO? IF WE'RE
CAUGHT WID DIS
STUFF WELL GIT
SENT T'REFAWM
SCHOOL!

RIGHT! BUT IF WE
COULD GIT D'GOODS ON
MORGAN'S OUTFIT
WE MIGHT GIT US A
REWARD!!! - LISSEN-

WELL DELIVER D'STUFF TUH
WHERE MORGAN SAID - THEN
I'LL CALL 'IM ON A 'PHONE AN'
IF WE WORK IT RIGHT HE'LL
LEAD US RIGHT TUH WHERE
ALL D'STUFF IS CACHED!
-AN' BZ-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-

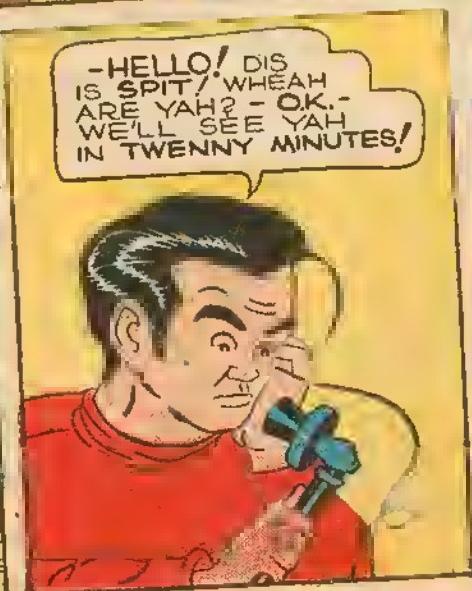
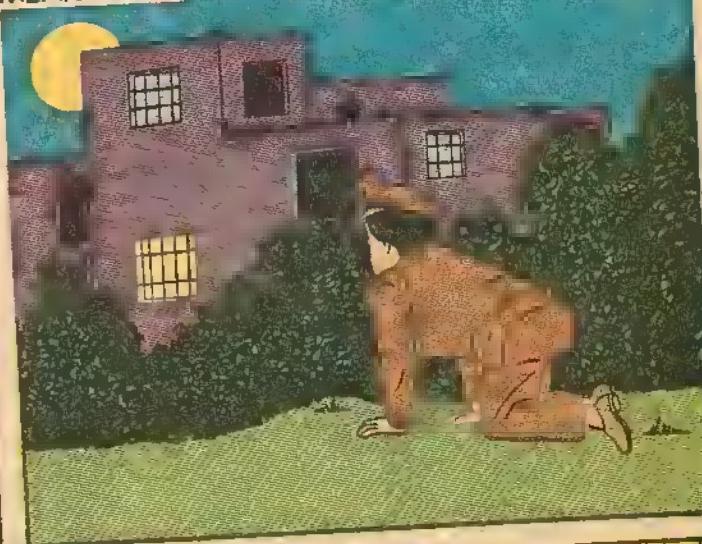


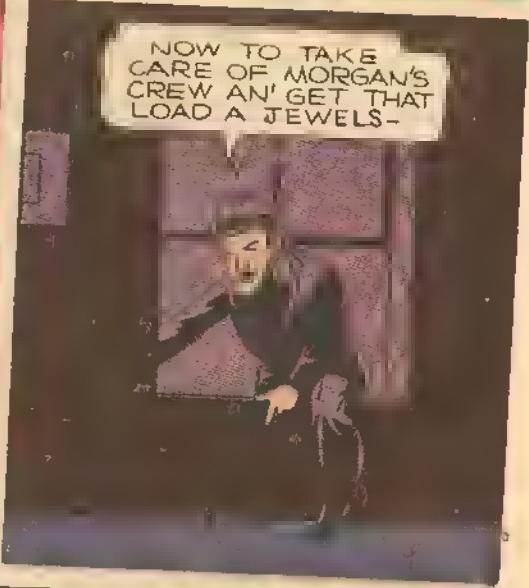


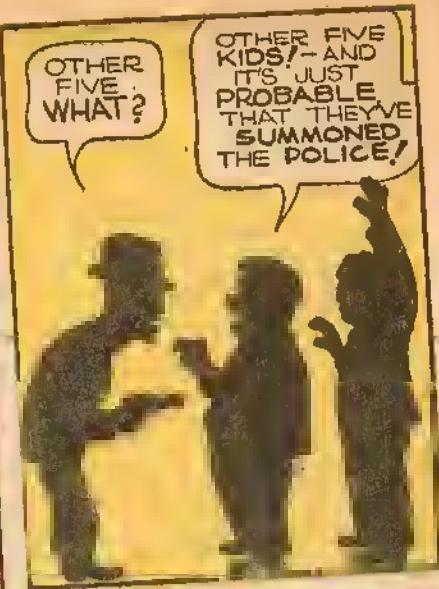
BEFORE THE KIDS' AMAZED FACES
ANGEL MAKES A DESPERATE DIVE
FOR THE REAR BUMPER OF REX
MORGAN'S DEPARTING CAR . . .



MEANWHILE:





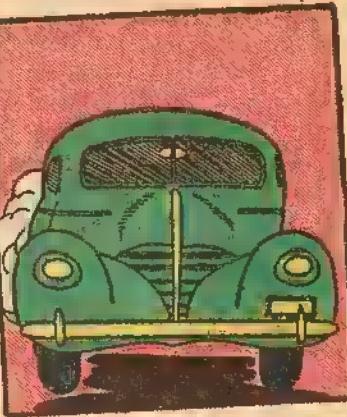
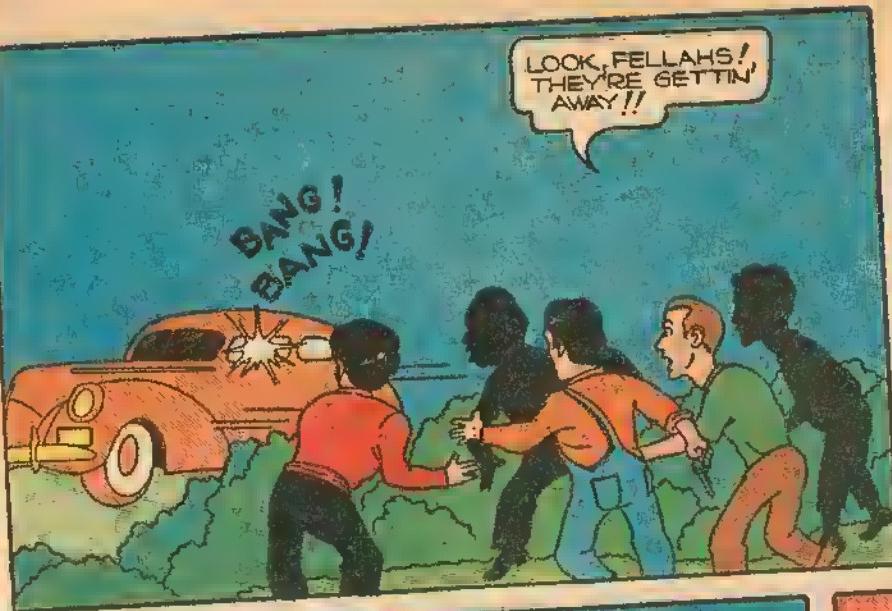




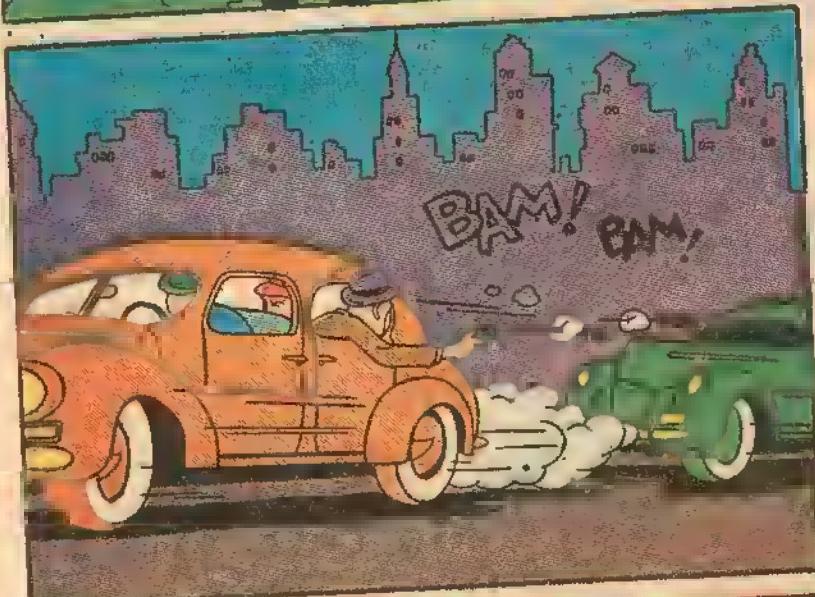
LOOK, FELLAHS!
THEY'RE GETTIN'
AWAY!!

SCRABBLING INTO
THE CAR DRIVEN BY
SLACK AND HIS AIDE,
THE KIDS TAKE
PURSUIT.....

BANG!
BANG!



BAM! BAM!



I'M GONNA
SIDESWIPE 'EM
SO WHEN I
GIVE TH WORD
- JUMP!!



HEY!
WHAT TH-

BAM! CRASH!

O.K.-
JUMP!



LET ME OFFER MY CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! THE DEPARTMENT'S BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE THIS SMUGGLING RING FOR MONTHS!

FAH US IT WUZ A CINCH -

YEH / A CINCH!!

AN' IF YAH EVAH HAVE ANYTHING ELSE YAH CAN'T HANDLE - JUS' LET US KNOW!

BESIDES HELPING US - YOU'VE EARNED YOURSELVES A NICE REWARD -



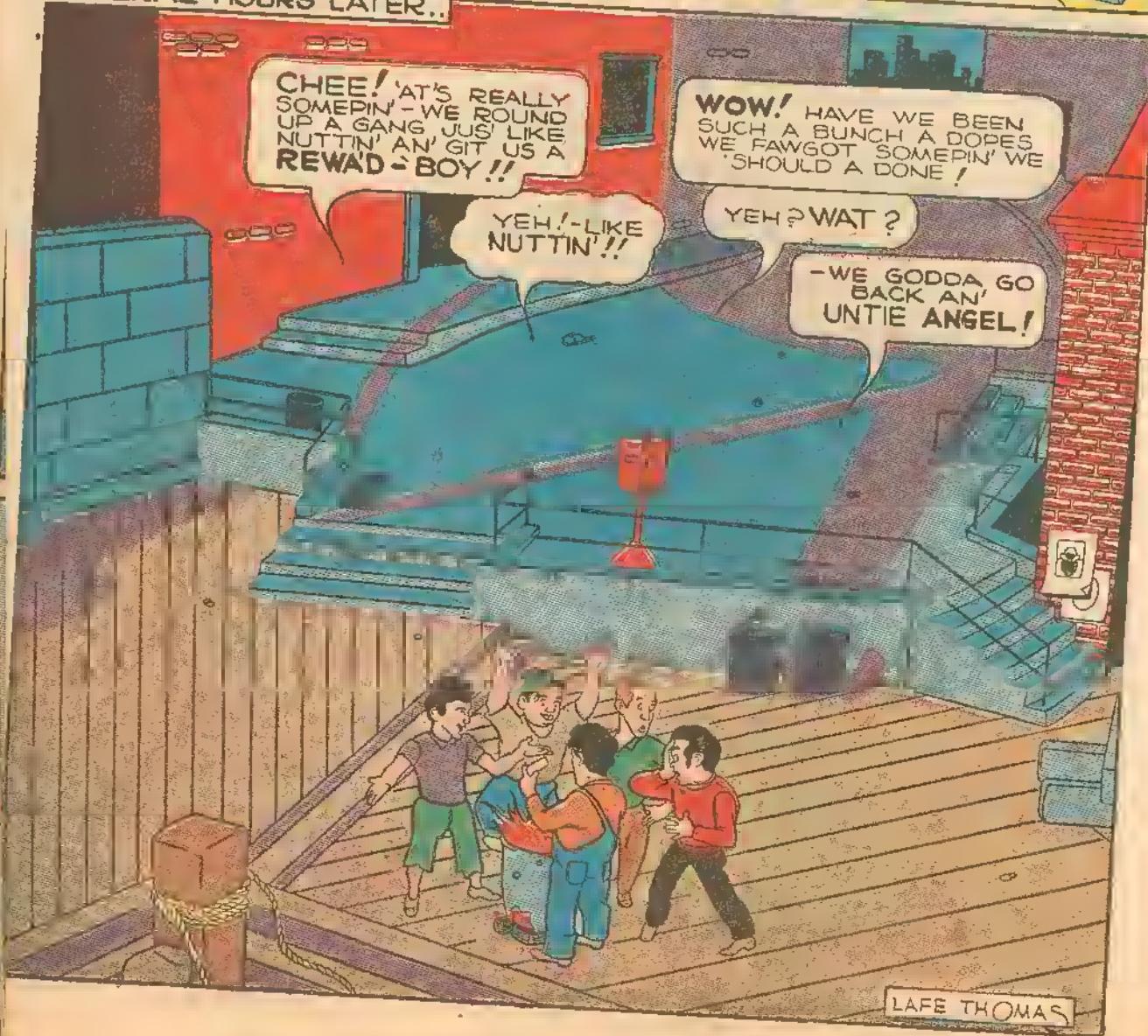
CHEE! 'AT'S REALLY SOMEPIN' - WE ROUND UP A GANG JUS' LIKE NUTTIN' AN' GIT US A REW'D - BOY !!

YEH /-LIKE NUTTIN'!!!

WOW! HAVE WE BEEN SUCH A BUNCH A DOPES WE FAWGOT SOMEPIN' WE 'SHOULD A DONE !

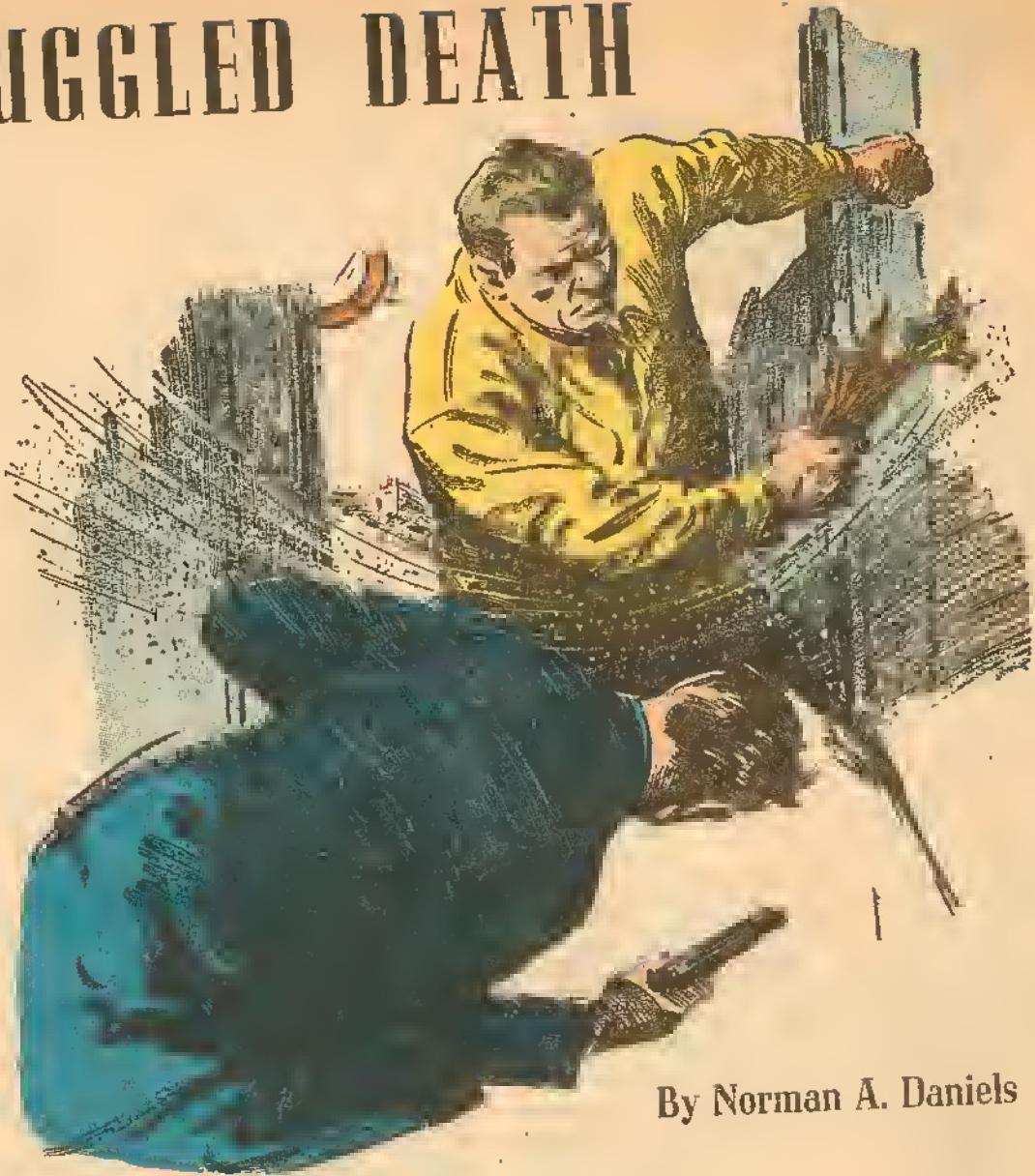
YEH ? WAT ?

-WE GODDA GO BACK AN' UNTIE ANGEL!



LAFE THOMAS

SMUGGLED DEATH



By Norman A. Daniels

SERGEANT MIKE SHANNON, of the harbor police, guided the cruiser into dock. "We'll nail 'em this night," he prophesied to Patrolman Rogers. "Them smugglers have been too gay lately, and I've discovered the wharf under which they run their speedboats."

"On the north shore?" Patrolman Rogers asked quickly.

"Right! This tub could clear it O. K., with about two inches to spare. Headquarters got a stool-pigeon tip that a cargo of laces was heading in about midnight. We'll cruise around the wharf and grab 'em as they come in. Get some rest, lad. I'm turning in myself soon as I finish my report."

At ten o'clock Sergeant Shannon awoke to a lusty cry from the afterdeck. He jumped out of the berth and automatically reached for his

holstered weapon. Two men stood in the doorway of the tiny cabin. Each held a gun. Shannon elevated his arms promptly.

"You guys crazy?" he demanded.

"Think so?" one of the men snorted. "Anyway, sarge, you're smarter than your pal. We had to clunk him one. Now, keep on being smart. Walk ahead of us to the deck. Man the wheel and take this scow out to sea. We got a date!"

Shannon compressed his lips and scowled. He took three steps forward and suddenly went into a nose dive. He skidded across the floor and brought down one of the men in a hard tackle. A gun went flying into a corner.

Shannon lunged for the second man, pinned his gun hand to the wall and rammed home a stinging blow to the face. Both thugs were off their feet and desperately trying to get away from Shannon's rushing attacks.



Shannon made a dive for one of the guns lying against the wall. His fingers closed around it, but he never had a chance of raising the weapon. A third thug burst into the room.

He didn't shoot, for Shannon's life was valuable to their plans. Instead, he smashed down the barrel of his weapon, raking Shannon's skull with it. The husky marine sergeant sagged to his knees.

Patrolman Bob Rogers washed the dried blood away and gave Shannon a drink.

"They got me before I could swing into action," Rogers groaned. "But, sarge—you handed them plenty! One of the mugs can hardly see, and both his eyes are puffed out like big lumps. What is this all about, anyway? Did you hear anything?"

"Don't have to," Shannon snapped. "Just when we locate the wharf and get set to grab the smugglers, we have to run into a mess like this. These three men will use our craft to stop the smugglers and loot them. After that—"

"Yeah," Rogers said glumly, "I know. We become fish food! Got any ideas, skipper?"

"Sure—knock those three mugs off the deck! But how can we do it? They've got guns and they outnumber us. We're well out at sea, by now."

Just then the burliest of the trio banged open the cabin door and stepped inside. He held an automatic carelessly.

"O. K.—on deck, smart guys," he snapped. "Put your uniforms on, and you, sarge, man the wheel. Keep her just as she is now, until we sight the launch heading in."

Shannon donned his uniform and took over the wheel from one of the crooks. Rogers was forced to stand aft so that he could be plainly seen. The three crooks crouched below the rail, watching and waiting.

Out of the gloom, Shannon saw a low speed launch racing madly for shore. Her decks were piled high with contraband. One of the thugs gave a crisp order.

"Head that scow off! We're going to stop her. Use the siren, copper. Let them saps know this is a police boat!"

Shannon yanked the siren cord and opened the police boat wide. He could see three men on the forward deck of the launch. Then a machine gun spat directly behind Shannon.

The bullets smacked into the side of the speeding launch, raked the deck with whistling death.

One smuggler folded up and hung over the rail like an empty sack. Another dropped to one knee and returned the fire. Shannon glanced around.

All three of the crooks had police submachine guns now. There was no withstanding that blast of lead.

Shannon guided the police craft unerringly until it rode alongside the smugglers' launch. Hooks brought both vessels together. One crook leaped aboard.

The smuggler at the wheel staggered a few steps toward the rail, intent on taking his chances of swimming ashore. He didn't get far. The machine guns blasted once more and the three-man crew of the launch no longer existed.

"O. K., you coppers," the leader of the thugs snapped. "So far you've been smart. Keep it up and we'll pay you off right. Get aboard the launch and heave those stiffs into the drink. Then take the crates and pile them on your own tub. Snap into it!"

With three submachine guns covering them, Rogers and Shannon worked furiously.

"Pay us off?" Shannon whispered. "They'll pay us off in hot lead! Bob, we've got to think of something."

"Shut up and more speed there!" One of the thugs swaggered forward. "When you get the last crate aboard, we head for the wharf to unload. You know where it is, sarge. We watched you snooping around plenty."

Shannon stepped aboard the police launch and began piling the crates up. Rogers passed them over. The crates were large and heavy. The pitching of both vessels made the work all the harder, and the three thugs got a lot of pleasure in making each man work at high speed.

Finally, the police boat was loaded, the crates sticking perhaps six inches above the top of the cabin roof.

"You guys learn fast," the leader of the trio grinned. "Now man the wheel, sarge. Hey, Tony—take this other copper below and keep your rifle against his belly. If the sarge tries any tricks, let go at the other guy, understand?"

"Minck, get the valise. We're ready to wipe out any trace of this stick-up."

Minck, a tall, sallow youth, picked up a heavy valise, jumped aboard the smugglers' craft and stood for a moment near the narrow companionway. He opened the valise, tugged at something and then hurled it below and sped back to the police boat.

Acting under terse orders, Shannon headed away from the launch at top speed. There was a roar, a flash of flame and the boat broke in half. One minute later, all traces of the smugglers and their craft had vanished. All evidence was gone,

except that which Shannon and Rogers could furnish

Rogers was below, menaced by the dark-faced thug called Tony. Minck stood aft, machine gun draped over a crooked arm. The heavy-set leader was directly behind Shannon.

"Head for the wharf," he ordered, "and make it fast. If we run into any other marine patrols, you sound off an O. K. Run the tub right under the wharf and keep going. At the channel cut at the end of the pier, we unload and you get—paid off!"



He laughed nervously and unpleasantly. Shannon cast a quick look around. The crates were still stacked high, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stolen contraband.

Shannon's big fists closed tight around the wheel. He set both feet wide apart and braced himself. The boat headed straight toward the wharf that Shannon had searched for so long.

Somehow, the smugglers had dredged a crude canal under it, so that their craft might vanish completely from sight and frustrate any marine police.

The wharf loomed up now, and Shannon stepped her up a little. The thug behind him watched narrowly.

The prow of the launch slipped under the wharf. The skinny man called Minck was walking forward, until he stood directly below the piled-up crates. The launch shot beneath the wharf. There was a tremendous crack and crates went smashing down on Minck. The leader spun around.

Shannon's hand darted out, seized the thug's gun hand and twisted it with scientific neatness. The machine gun fell to the floor. Shannon had kicked off all power, but the momentum of the launch kept it going. A thick piling loomed up. The prow of the police boat sideswiped it. A shudder ran through the craft.

Shannon, pinned against the rail by the barly crook, fought savagely. The man weighed slightly more than he did, and hard punches rapped Shannon's face. Blood gushed out of his nose and from lacerations caused by his opponent's big fists. But Shannon was fighting coolly

now, forcing himself to forget Rogers, still in the hold with Tony menacing him. So far, no fusillade of shots had rung out.

Shannon drove a mighty fist in an upward arc. It connected with the thug's jaw, rocking him back a step. Shannon seized the advantage and bore in. A left to the stomach, a jolting right to the heart. The thug reeled sideways a few steps. Shannon tore in again.

He slammed a husky left to the face, jolted the thug's head back until his chin stuck up in a target that couldn't be missed. Shannon wound up and let go. The crook shot across the deck as if he'd been struck with a pile driver.

In the next second, the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun banged out. Minck, who had been knocked flat by the falling crates, had found his gun. Shannon nose-dived to deck, slid along it until he had the gun dropped by the leader. Raising it slightly, he fired. Then he sped forward, around the crates and opened fire as he ran.

Minck felt the bullets whine past. He dropped his gun and raised his hands swiftly.

"Turn around!" Shannon ordered.

Minck obeyed sullenly. Shannon lifted the rifle and brought it down in a skull blow. Minck slid to the deck. In a flash, Shannon was diving down the companionway.

A man stepped out of the tiny cabin to meet him. Shannon's trigger finger tightened, and then relaxed. It was Rogers. He was bloody, his clothes ripped to pieces, and deep scratches were evident on his face, but he wore a triumphant grin.

"It worked!" Rogers cried. "You all right, sarge?"

"Sure," Shannon replied. "How's Tony?"

"Stiff! I waited until those crates went dumping on deck. Tony jumped up and so did I. He swung his gun around and was ready to shoot, when we piled up against the wharf. It spoiled his aim and I had him."

"Sarge, that was a smart idea—piling those crates just high enough so they wouldn't clear the wharf."

"There was no other way," Shannon said, happily. "I figured they'd get at least one of the rats when they crashed down. Let's go above and make our friends comfortable. Bring some rope."

Minck was groaning as Rogers tied him up. The leader of the trio was sitting up, trying to adjust a jaw somewhat out of kilter. Shannon snapped handcuffs around the scowling crook's wrists.

"Sergeant, you're a fool! We were going to pay you off with a few grand. You could have helped us again. It was a swell set-up!"

"Yeah, for you," Shannon replied. "You'd have paid us off in lead! And speaking of payoffs you've got one coming. You killed three men remember? The law is going to pay off on that one!"

THE END.

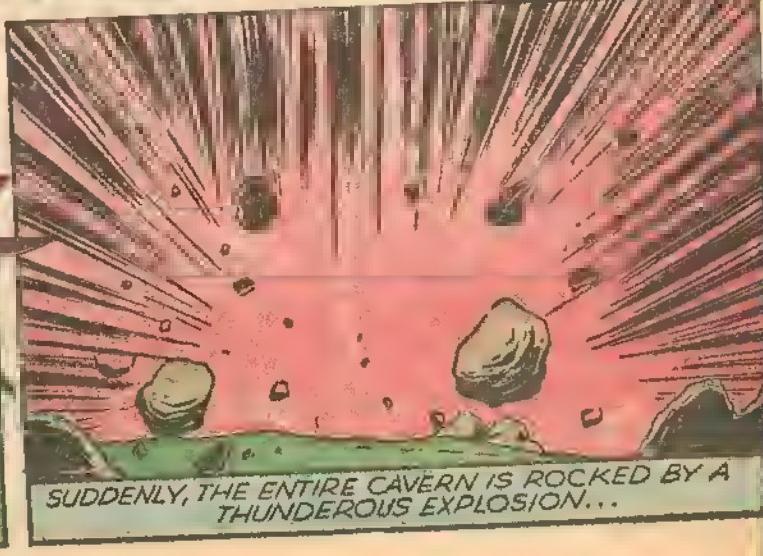
IRON MUNRO

The ASTOUNDING MAN



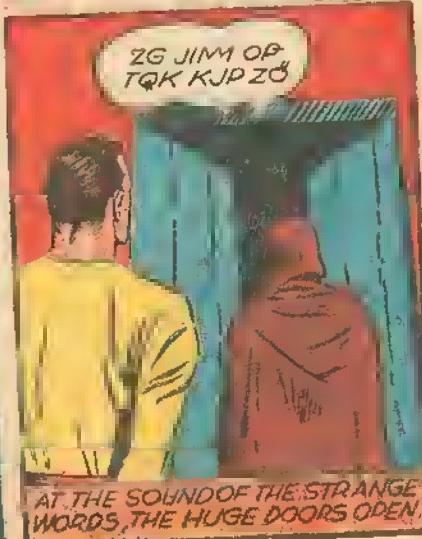
AFTER MAKING PEACE ON WAR-TORN MAGYA, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER BORN SCIENTIST, WITH SPENCER CARLISLE AND ANTO RAUL, RETURN TO EARTH, WHERE NEW DARING ADVENTURES AWAITS THEM IN THE MYSTERIOUS UNDERGROUND KINGDOM.....



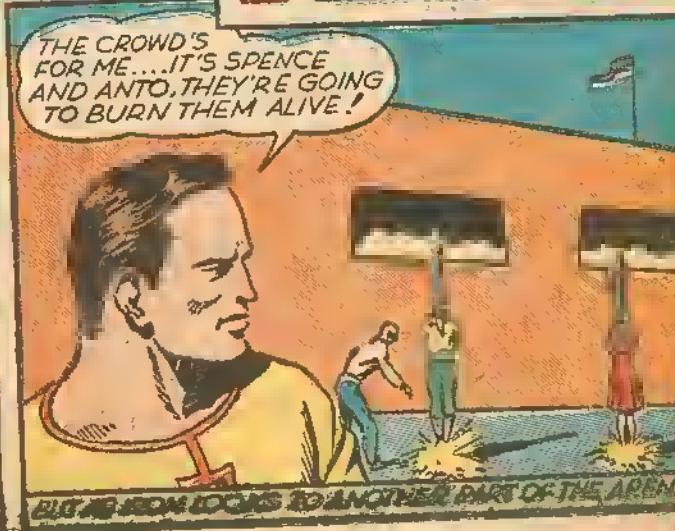


SUDDENLY, THE ENTIRE CAVERN IS ROCKED BY A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION...









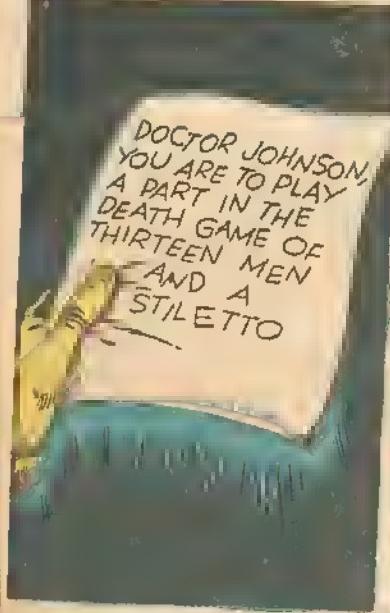
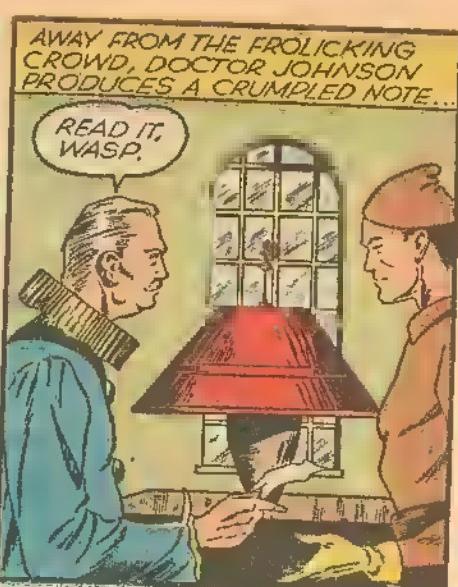


The HOODED WASP



YOUNG JIM MARTIN AND THE HOODED WASP FIND THEMSELVES ON THE TRAIL OF A NEW TYPE OF MENACE, A STILETTO TOSSING KILLER WHO LEAVES A TRAIL OF DEATH.





ALLEZ OOP...
HERE GOES!

TRAINED BY THE FEARLESS
WASP, THE YOUNG PROTEGE
SWINGS INTO ACTION.

THROUGH THE DOOR...
I CAN'T MISS HIM NOW.

JUST AS JIM STEPS
THROUGH THE DOOR.

FATHER, MR. WASP...
SOMEONE ENTERED
THE HOUSE THROUGH
THE BALCONY WINDOW!

HE WENT AFTER IT.
I NEVER SAW ANYTHING
LIKE IT. LONG, THIN, WITH
A CLOAK AND WIDE HAT.

WHERE'S
JIM?

THE FRIGHTENED GIRL INTERRUPTS
THE CONVERSATION WITH
STARTLING NEWS....

QUICK, WE'VE GOT
TO JOIN THE OTHERS!
SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

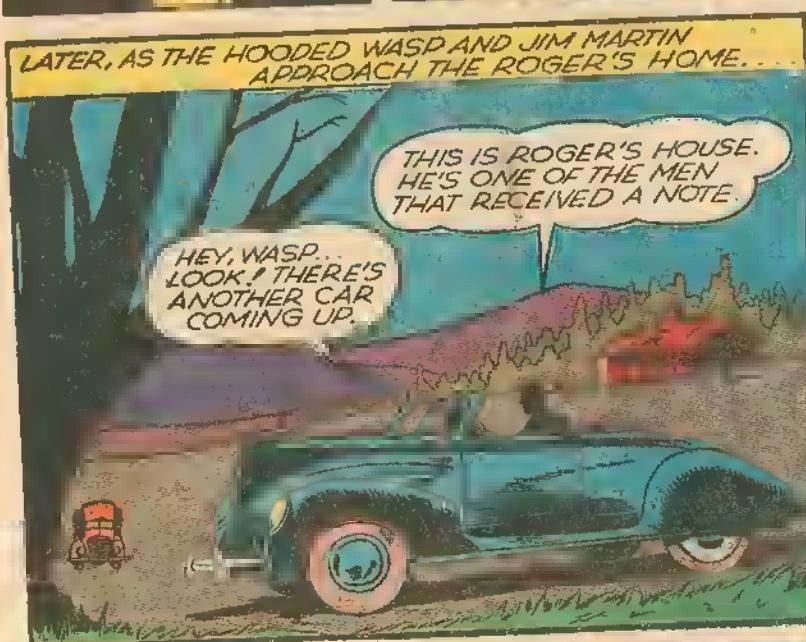
AS THE HOODED WASP AND
THE OTHERS STEP INTO THE
MAIN SALON....

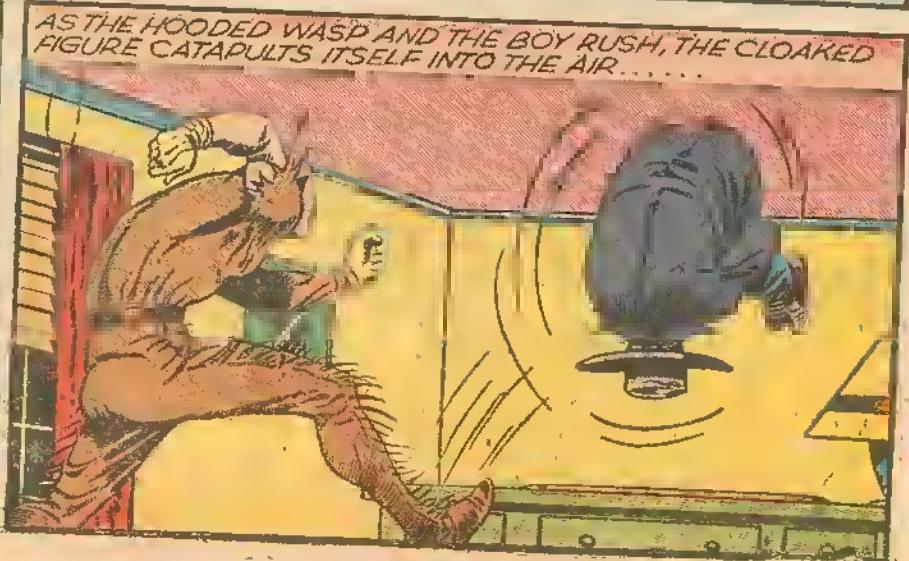
AAAGH!

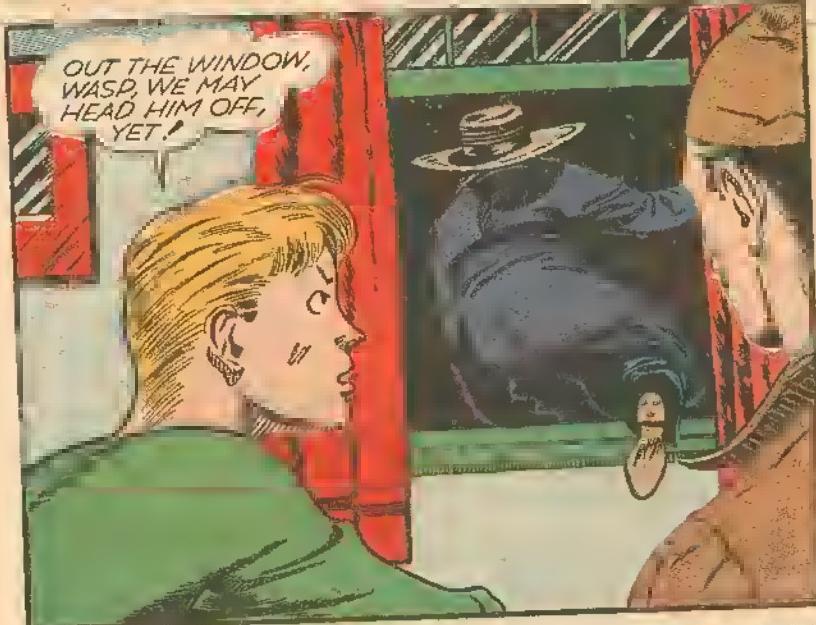
EEEYOW!



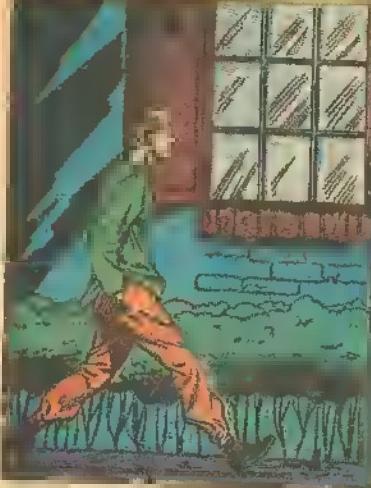








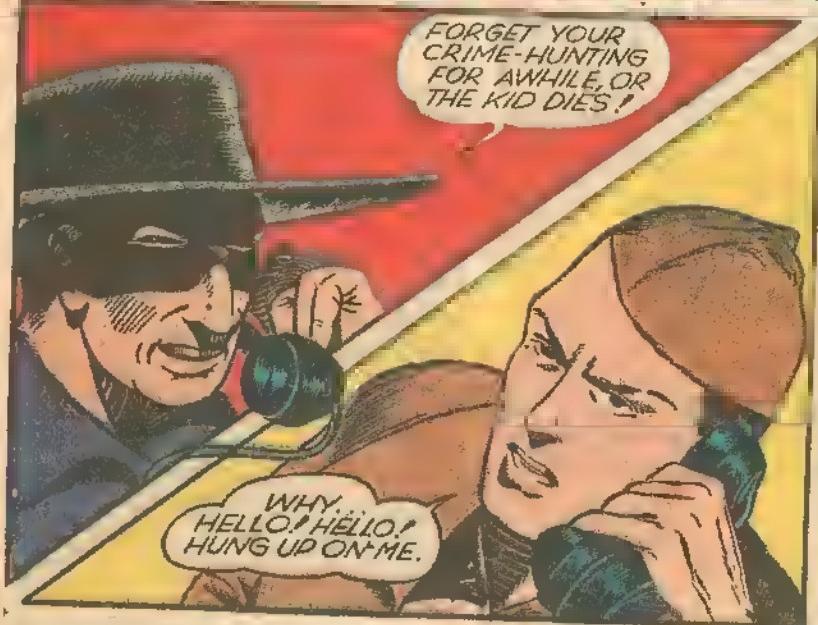
LATER, AS JIM SAUNTERS UP TO THE HOME OF DR. JOHNSON TO CALL ON MAE,



SUDDENLY...



FORGET YOUR CRIME-HUNTING FOR AWHILE, OR THE KID DIES!



ALL THIS HAD ME PUZZLED. AFTER STUDYING THE POLICE FILES ON THE KILLER BARONI CASE... I BELIEVE I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING.

WHY, I SERVED ON THE JURY THAT SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH. SAY, AND SO DID THE TWO MEN WHO WERE MURDERED.

ARRIVING AT CERTAIN CONCLUSIONS, THE WASP HASTENS TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

THE THIRTEEN MEN REFERS TO THE JUDGE AND JURY THAT CONVICTED THIS KILLER. NO DOUBT, ONE OF THE GANG IS OUT FOR VENGEANCE.



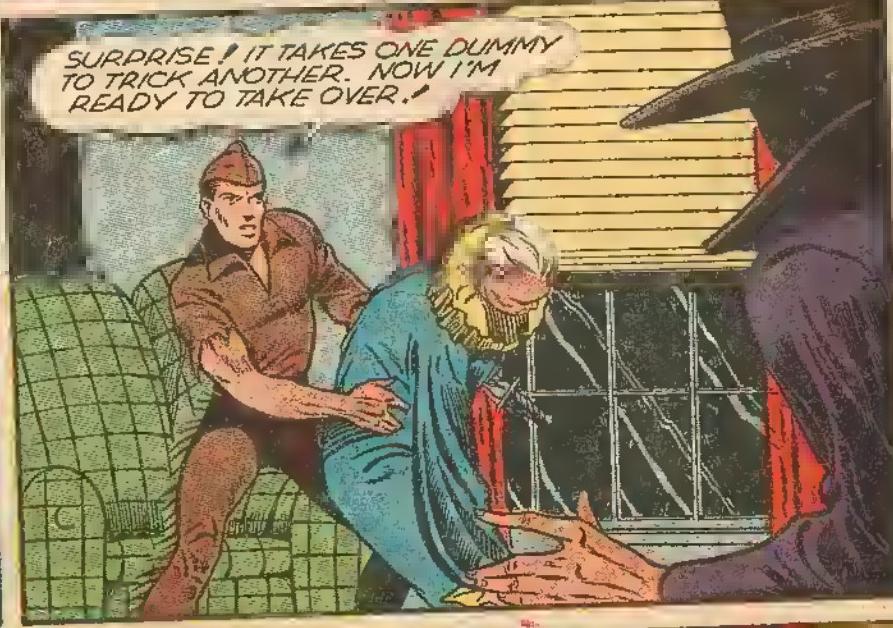
THE DEATHS ARE PROCEEDING IN THE ORDER OF THE SELECTION OF THE JURY... MEANING THAT YOU'RE NEXT!



WE'VE GOT TO TRAP THE KILLER, THIS TIME, DOC... OR IT'S THE END OF JIMI! LISTEN...



LATER, A FIGURE CREEPS STEALTHILY INTO THE DOCTOR'S STUDY...

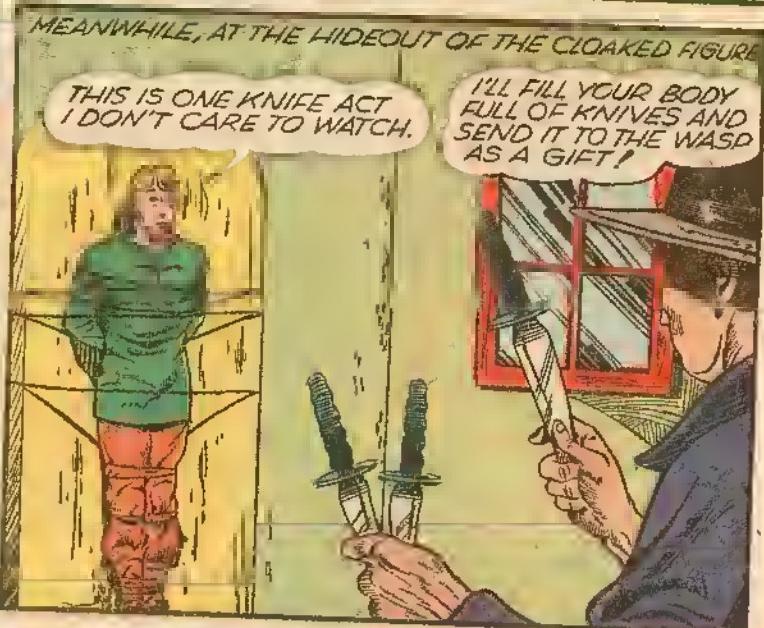


AS THE WASP CHARGES, THE CLOAKED FIGURE NIMBLY LEAPS TOWARDS THE CHANDELIER...

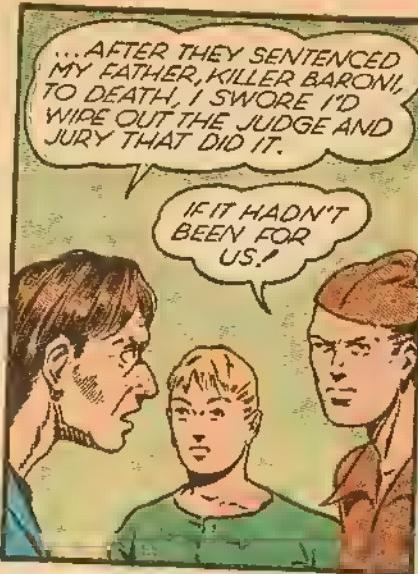


...AND GRACEFULLY GLIDES TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.









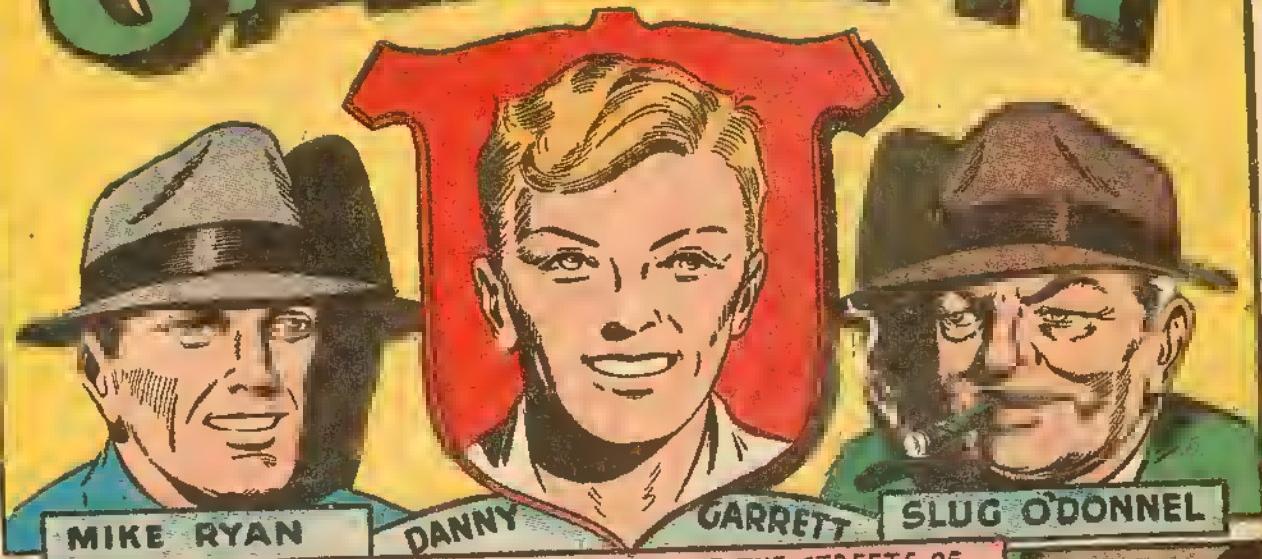
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DANNY GARRETT



MIKE RYAN

DANNY

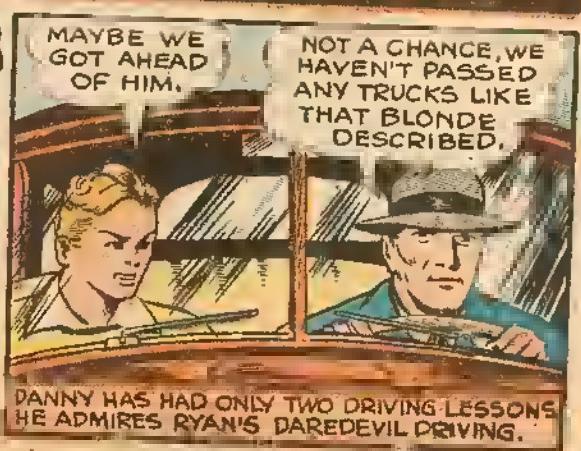
GARRETT

SLUG O'DONNEL

YES, I'VE GOT IT
WEST 22ND --
SHOOTING -- ONE
MAN DEAD --
GIRL INJURED

DANNY GARRETT, A PRODUCT OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, POSSESSOR OF AN ALMOST UNCANNY ABILITY FOR SMELLING OUT CLEWS, HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE HEART OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT. ALTHOUGH STILL BUT A BOY, HE HAS ALREADY SOLVED SEVERAL CRIMES THAT HAD THE BEST MINDS IN THE DEPARTMENT BAFFLED. BIG MIKE RYAN AND POWERFUL SLUG O'DONNEL HAVE PRACTICALLY ADOPTED THE LAD. WE DISCOVER THE THREE IN WEST 16TH STREET STATION.







THE DRIVER LEAVES IN A HURRY....

THAT CAN'T BE THE JOE SHE SPOKE OF. HE'D HAVE NO REASON TO RUN AWAY.

SO...THE HI JACKERS GOT YOU, EH?

GOSH, THIS TOP IS SLIPPERY.

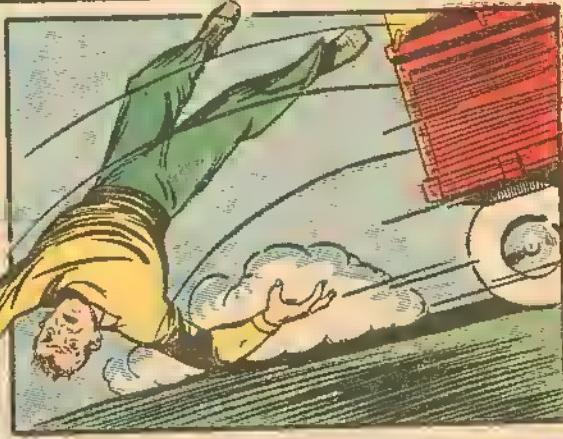
MADE IT! BUT THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

I'LL FIX THAT FRESH KID!

NOW TRY AND HANG ON, YOU RUNT,

THANKS FOR THE SWING ON YOUR GATE.

WHY YOU...



THE TRUCK HAVING AIR BRAKES ALMOST TURNS OVER.

WHEW

OH, OH, THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE, BUT I COULDNT STOP THIS FREIGHT CAR ANYWAY.



SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG. HE AINT SLOWIN' DOWN. GIVE HIM THE GATS, BUT DON'T HIT THE TRAILER!

WHAM

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, YOU LUGS, GIVE HIM ALL YA GOT!

A STRAY BULLET CUTS THE AIR LINES.

I'LL KNOW BETTER THIS TIME..

WHAT'S THE MATTER, THE BRAKES DON'T WORK!

DANNY PRESSSES THE BRAKE PEDAL VERY LIGHTLY, BUT...

MEANWHILE, MIKE RYAN CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE SPEEDING TRUCK.

THE BOY DETECTIVE REALIZES HE HAS NO BRAKES.....

WHERE A YOU TINKA YOU ARE. HAA, IN GREECE?



THE TROOPER GUESSES CORRECTLY





D
DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S
**SHADOW
COMICS**
WHEN DANNY, THE
LOVABLE, BRILLIANT,
RESOURCEFUL BOY
DETECTIVE WILL
THRILL YOU WITH
HIS HAIR-RAISING
EXPERIENCES, AS
HE WAGES A
SUCCESSFUL WAR
AGAINST CRIME.

THE IRON GHOST FIGHTS

DEATH FROM VULCAN



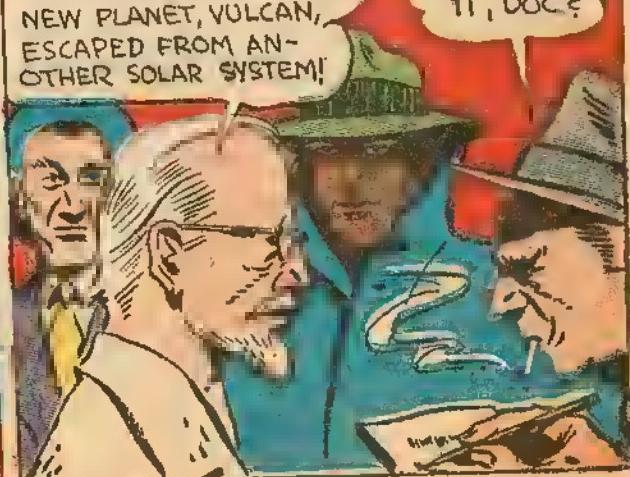
SCENE: THE WORLD'S LARGEST OBSERVATORY—
DR. AXEL, GREAT ASTRONOMER, MAKES A
STARTLING DISCOVERY!

INCREDIBLE! JOHN! CARL!
LOOK! A NEW PLANET HAS
ENTERED OUR SOLAR
SYSTEM!

THE NEXT DAY THE NEWSPAPERS GET
WIND OF THE CENTURY'S BIGGEST STORY—

MY THEORY IS THAT THIS
NEW PLANET, VULCAN,
ESCAPED FROM AN-
OTHER SOLAR SYSTEM!

ANY LIFE ON
IT, DOC?



I CANNOT SAY FOR SURE, GENTLEMEN, BUT IF THERE IS... IT WILL BE A WEIRD AND TERRIBLE FORM OF LIFE!

UNKNOWN BY ANYONE THE MYSTERIOUS IRON GHOST, MAN OF METAL, WAS AMONG THE CROWD - DISGUISED AS A REPORTER

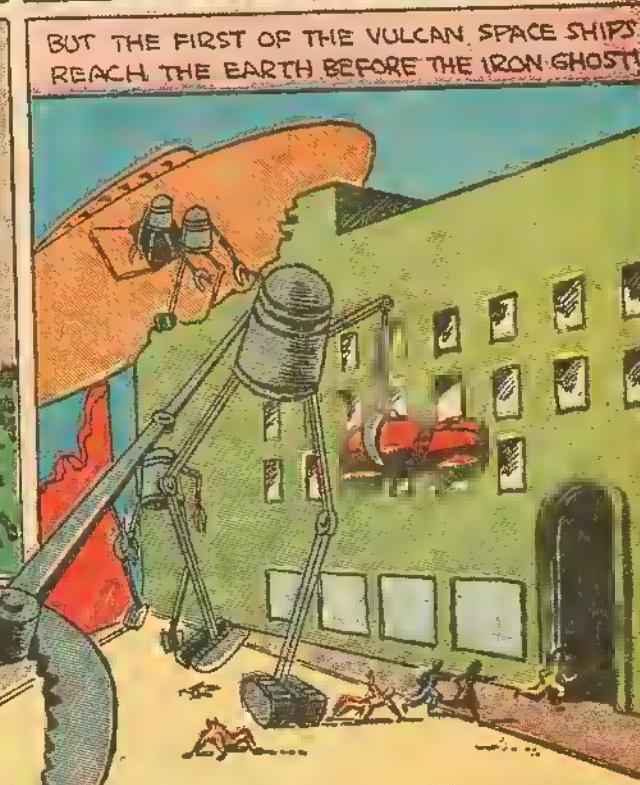
THAT SOUNDED EERIE! LOOKS LIKE A CUE FOR ME TO DO SOME INTERSTELLAR DETECTIVE WORK!

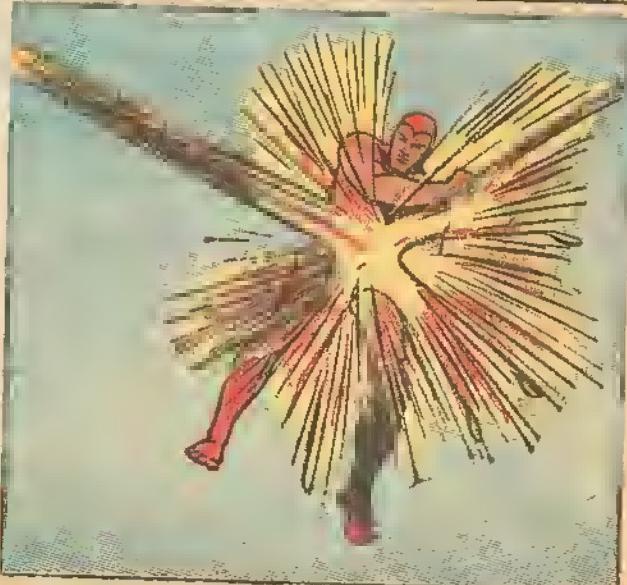
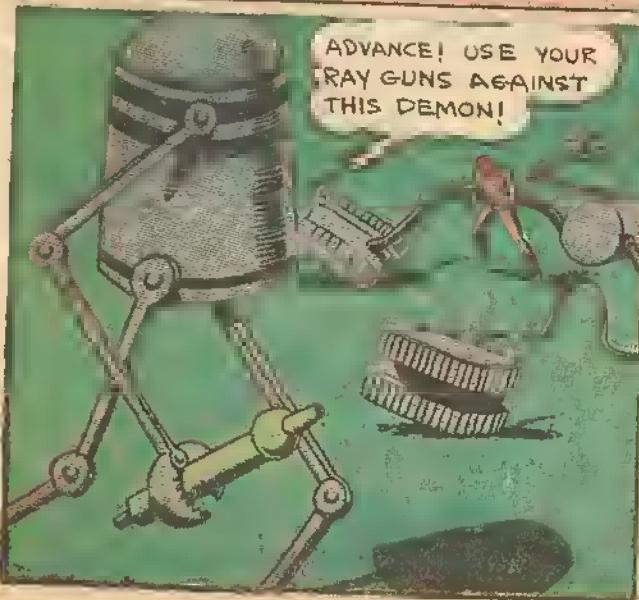
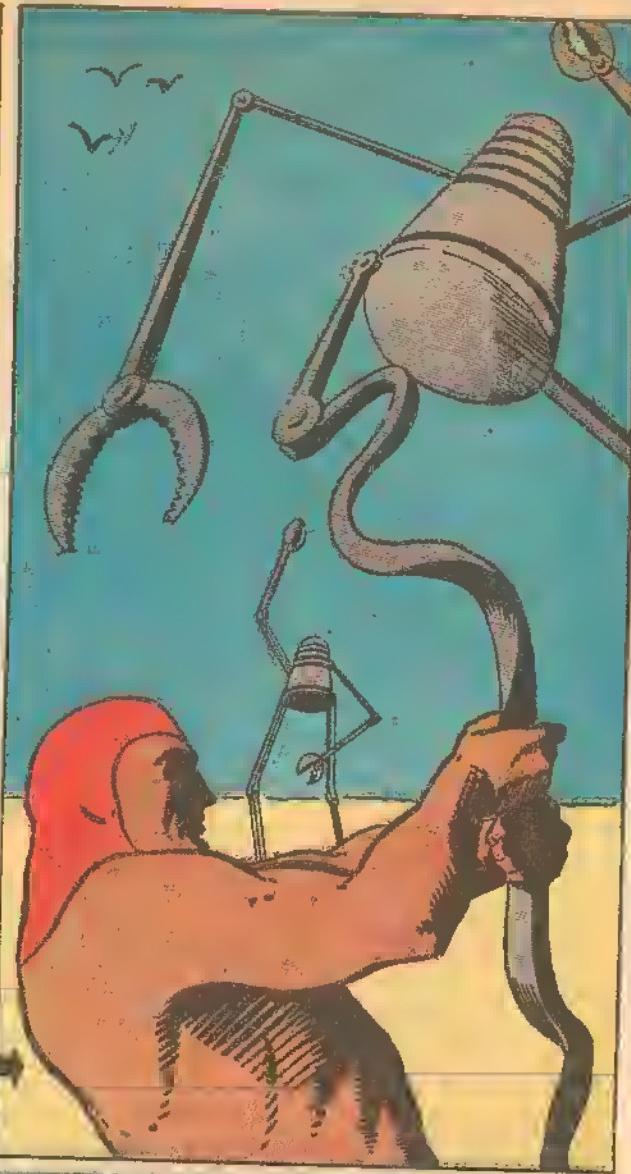
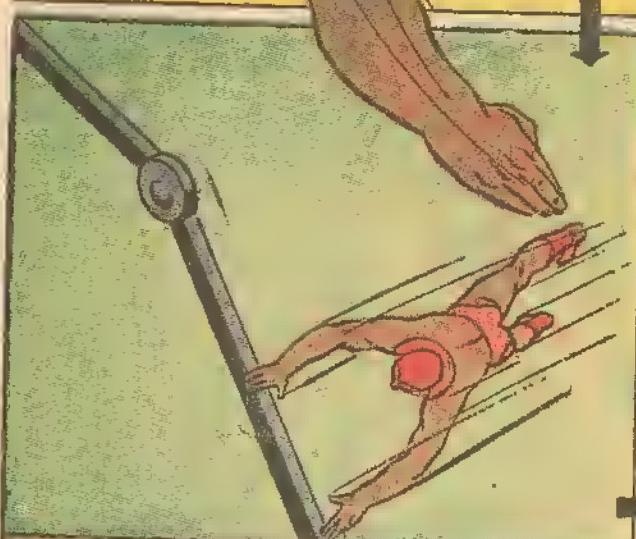
STRIPPING OFF HIS CONFINING CLOTHES THE IRON GHOST ZOOMS INTO SPACE!

AFTER TWO WEEKS OF HURTLING THRU SPACE THE IRON GHOST CHECKS HIS COURSE...

THE PLANET, VULCAN, SHOULD BE RIGHT HERE... BUT ISN'T! I MUST HAVE MISCALCULATED THE CONTINUOUS SHIFT OF ITS ORBIT...

IN THE MEANTIME THE PLANET VULCAN IS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY!





STUNNED BY THE POWERFUL RAY GUNS
THE IRON GHOST RISES AGAIN!

ROUGH LITTLE
PLAYMATES!

I CAN USE THIS
CAR PISTOL!

THE IRON GHOST BLASTS AT THE SPACE-
SHIPS AT CLOSE RANGE!

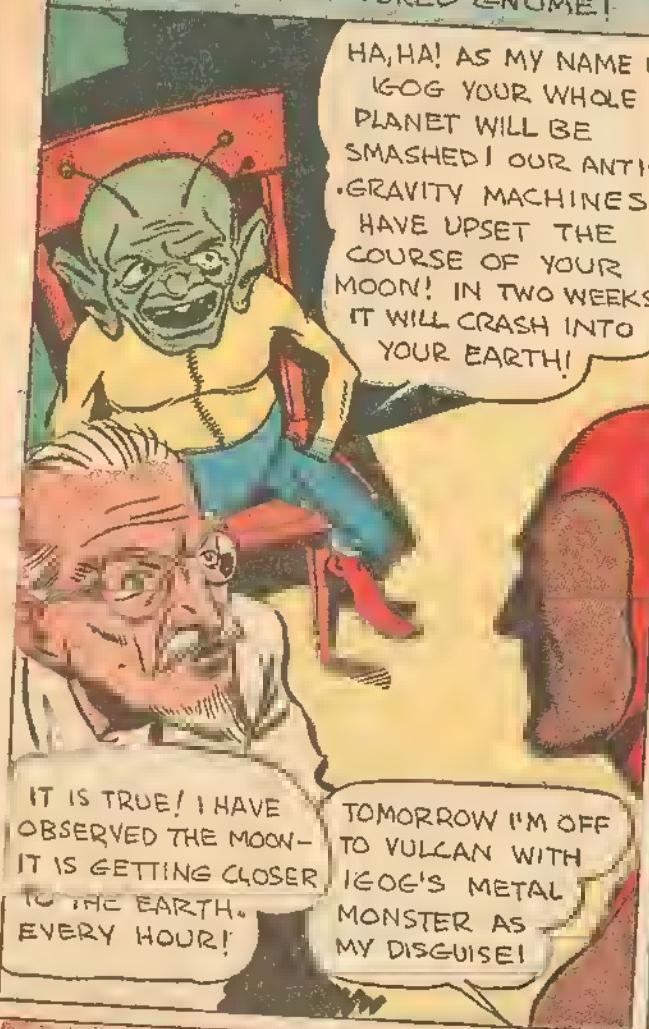
RETREAT! BEFORE THIS EARTH
DEMON DESTROYS US!
BACK TO THE SHIPS!

NOT SO
FAST!

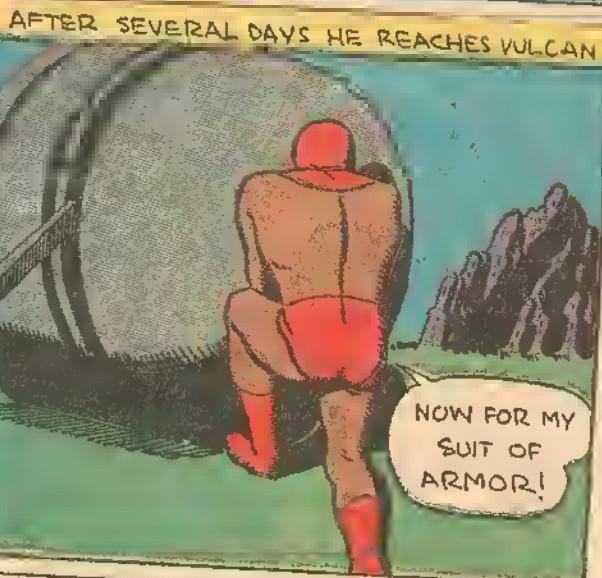
THE IRON GHOST RIPS OPEN THE
VULCANIAN MONSTER'S BODY...

SO YOU'RE
WHAT MAKES
ME TICK!

IN TWO WEEKS THE IRON GHOST WITH HIS SUPERHUMAN BRAIN HAS LEARNED THE VULCANIAN LANGUAGE AND HAS GRILLED THE STRANGE CAPTURED GNOME!



THE NEXT MORNING THE IRON GHOST HURLES TOWARD VULCAN DRAGGING A STRANGE CARGO BEHIND HIM!



AS THE IRON GHOST APPROACHES A TOWERING PALACE HE IS STOPPED BY SENTRY...



THEY FELL FOR THAT LINE! NOW TO GET INSIDE AND DESTROY THAT MACHINE!



INSIDE THE CITADEL THE EMPEROR OF VULCAN AND HIS HENCHMAN WATCH THE IRON GHOST APPROACH..

LOOK, SIRE, IN THE EX-RAY CAMERA - AN EARTHLING IN IGOE'S MECHANO-BODY!

THE IRON GHOST ENTERS THE THRONE ROOM

GREETINGS, SIRE! I BRING STRANGE TIDINGS FROM EARTH!

HA, HA! IT IS THEIR HERO; THE IRON GHOST! WE WILL GIVE HIM THE PROPER RECEPTION - A WARM ONE!

GREETINGS! AND I BRING YOU STRANGE TIDINGS FROM VULCAN, IRON GHOST!

SUDDENLY THE EMPEROR PULLS A LEVER!

THE PALACE FLOOR GAPES WIDE

HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!

TRAPPED INSIDE THE METAL BODY THE IRON GHOST PLUNGE DOWN AND DOWN!

HEAT! IT MUST BE 250° - I MUST BE FALLING TO THE PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE!

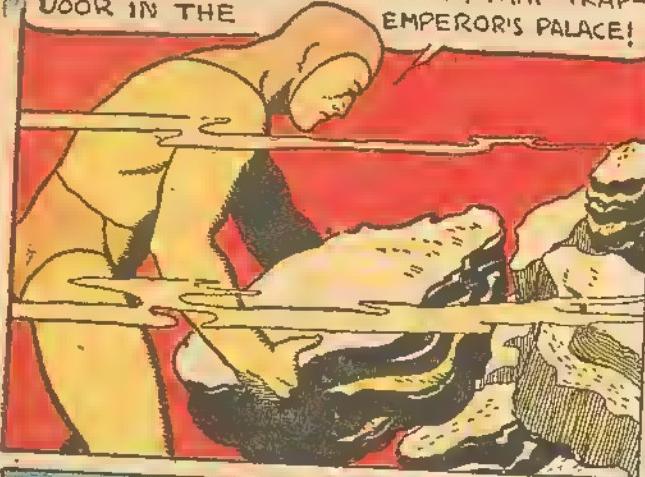
AFTER AWHILE THE BATTERED METAL MONSTER COMES TO A STOP AT THE BURNING CENTER OF VULCAN! THE METAL CASE STARTS TO MELT LIKE ICE IN A FURNACE!

WHEW! QUITE A SUMMER THEY HAVE DOWN HERE! LUCKY FOR ME SUPER-DURALAMINE IS IMPERVIOUS TO HEAT!

THE IRON GHOST STARTS EXPLORING

HELLO! WHAT'S THIS... A FIERCE UPDRAFT OF FLAME, LAVA AND GAS! IT MUST BE THE BOTTOM OF A HUGE VOLCANO!

IN TW BLOCK THIS SAFETY VALVE THERE'S
SUF Y ONE PLACE FOR THIS TREMENDOUS
FORCE TO ESCAPE - THROUGH THAT TRAP-
DOOR IN THE
EMPEROR'S PALACE!



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ANIMAL
HOW!

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